

A
F U N E R A L
S E R M O N
P R E A C H E D

On the
Occasion of the Right Honourable
the Earl of Sh——y's Late Interment in
DORSET-SHIRE.

By *W. B.* a Godly Minister (though unworthy Ser-
vant) of *Jesus Christ*.

Si quid habent veri Vatum præsagia, Vivam.

L O N D O N, Printed by *George Croom*, 1683.

and the disturbing the Government, is no necessary Preparation for directing People the Way to Heaven. *Patience* and *Resignation* may be easily taught without the help of *Storms*; the Scripture furnishes Matter and Examples enough without going up into the *Clouds*. And I with this *Modern* way of teaching *Patience*, be not a new kind of *Pulpit-Drum* to alarm People into the Spirit of Rebellion.

I would not be for raising Scandals against any Society of Men, much less against those who pretend to the Gospel. But when I see the Effects of such kind of Preaching, how it raises *Discontents* and *Jealousies*, and becomes an Aggrievance to the Prince, I cannot but wish, that such as follow this Method, and *intend* the Mischief, were more *Loyal*; and such as *intend it not*, were more *Wise*. Howsoever it be, I am sure the Method is unwarrantable, and not at all becoming those, who would willingly be thought the *Best Preachers* in the World, and the *Best Subjects*.

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PROVERBS. 10. 7.

The Memory of the Just shall be Blessed, but the name of the Wicked shall Rot.

I Shall not trouble my self nor you with any tedious Introductions, or long Circumlocutions (as some Divines use) before I come to the business in hand ; since I apprehend it altogether fruitless, and unsuccessful. For, (Beloved) what signifies an impertinent preamble ? an insipid, soppyish kind of Harangue before a Sermon ? 'Tis a dull kind of Trick that *Baal's* Priests (the lazy *Levites* of the Age) have got to make the Glafs hold out ; what with the frothy business of Narrations, Exordiums, Paraphrases, the hour is slipt away insensibly. Besides, (my Friends) they raise Peoples expectations too high, and then it may be *Parturient Montes*, they make a splendid Porch to an ordinary Thatch'd House : Why I tell you, the People don't approve of such tedious Graces before they come to the substantial Food of Use and Doctrine ; they are mad to catch at the Division, like a sharp-set Country Bumpkin, who half devour'd a Plum-Pudding, ere a Brother of ours could dispatch his Grace. From whence 'tis easie to infer, that long tedious Preambles before a Sermon, are equally pernicious to Mens Souls, as a long

winded Grace before Meat is to their Bodies. This Position might quickly be proy'd, but I intend to be concise, and I shall endeavour to alter this *Jesuitical* Trick of Introductions : For this Reason I design to fall *sharp* upon my Text, and so Anatomize it, and Split it, as the matter will give leave. but (Beloved) before I proceed, I beg your Christian Patience to permit me a little to insist upon the occasions of our gathering together, and to shew you the reasons of this great Solemnity. This day (my Friends) is a day of Mourning and Lamentation, of Howling and Wringing of Hands; 'tis a day we have chosen to Celebrate the Funeral Rites of our Worthy, and much to be Lamented Patriot, the late King of *Poland*, who (in spite of Axes and Hal- ters, and other Engines of Mortality) quietly, and peaceably gave up the Ghost amongst the True *Republican* Bores of *Holland*. Oh ! this was a fatal day, a day of Gloominess and Horrour : This Man's unlucky Fate (who was our principal Patron and Benefactor) has struck to the very Roots, and Foundations of the *Good Old Cause*. It was Strong and Potent, and flourish'd once to admiration, through the Wit and Conduct of this Great *Master-Piece* of *Politicks* : I had almost said it was supported by the Breath of his Nostrils ; he gave it entertainment, suckled it, nurs'd it, and almost (curse on the Fates) brought it up to perfection.

But now alas (with grief and sorrow I speak it) it begins to simper, and dwindle extreamly, it drops so (I'm horribly afraid) that All the *Quacks* and *Bunglers* in *Politicks* will not be able to recover it. Let us therefore of the Brotherhood lament, and seriously bewail the Death of this much admired Patriot, and in him (I weep to speak it) the Funeral, the total Consumption of our Interest : That my Friends must needs
fall

fall to the Ground, unless (in this Critical Juncture of Affairs) some Grand Politician luckily interpose, and prevent the expected miscarriage.

But what hopes have we of such an excellent Succes-
 four? It must needs sink I say, unless some Honest Man
 (some *Anti-monarchical* degraded *Statesman*, who will
 be *Rebellious* out of a Principle of *Revenge*) bravely
 vindicate the Holy quarrel, and take up the Cudgels
 to support a Languishing (if not Dying) Faction, and
 carry on a drooping, decrepid *Plot*. Such an one as we
 must necessarily find, if we hope ever to be successful
 in our future undertakings. But this is by the By; and
 yet I must needs say, 'tis a necessary Digression. Let
 me therefore now apply my self unto our Dear Sisters :
 Be ye likewise in a Mourning Posture, let your Coun-
 tenances be dejected, your Eyes full of Tears; let out-
 ward Sobs and Sighs express the inward Sorrow of your
 Hearts. Lament ye, I say, (Dear Sisters) for the
 Death of your Old Friend, he was always a True Friend
 to you, always kind to your Sex, and a constant ad-
 mirer of the Feminine Gender, (as the late *Salamanca*
Doctor has been of the Masculine.) Do ye therefore
 gratefully Celebrate the Memory of this Just Friend of
 yours, which brings me very pat to my Text, namely,
The Memory, &c.

Not to trouble or perplex you with the nice Explica-
 tion of the Words, nor to ransack old Musty Worm-
 eaten Commentators and Paraphrasers, I shall content
 my self to satisfy you with the Opinion of some of our
 Modern Controversiallists. And to be brief, I shall not
 put the Words on the Rack, to make them confess
 more than they have a mind to. The Words (in my
 Opinion) contain in them two Affirmative Propositi-
 ons. First, *The Memory*, &c. Secondly, *The Name*, &c.
 This

This I shall make out (as plain as the Nose in your Face) by laying down those two Positions.

1. That a Grave, Serious, Godly, True Protestant kind of Life and Conversation, is the only way to secure a sound and honest Reputation after Death.

2. That a Ranting, Roaring, Papistical Tory kind of Behaviour here, makes a Mans Name Rot and his Memory odious after Death, to all Sober Godly Christians.

This (I'm sure) is a substantial Orthodox Piece of Doctrine: But I shall proceed to prove my First Position. (Beloved) Gravity and Seriousness in Behaviour, (though its Prophanelly call'd by the Ungodly Formality, Hypocrisie, and preciseness) is a very commendable qualification in any Man of what Age, Size or Complexion. A reserved Face, a good demure sanctified Countenance, challenges a civil respect from any Man. Men generally pay due deference to a Man (though the meanest Person in the World) if his Looks are any ways inclin'd to Godliness; if he has Religion stamp'd on his Face, (and if the Marks of Reprobation are not visible in his Forehead) if (I say) his Elevated Eyes discover a fervent Soul within, he must of necessity be wonderfully rever'd. But alas! we are fallen into a degenerate Age, an Age as sinful and Prophane, as Tory-Evil Principles can make it; 'tis Second *Sodom* without doubt, the People are hardned in *Wickedness*, they Drink, they Whore, keep strange Women, they Neigh after their Neighbours Wives. These are the Ungodly (my Beloved) that commit such *abominable things*; I hope it will ne'er be justly said so of us. We are the Righteous, the Chosen people of God, and we are surrounded with the Protection of the Almighty, Assisted by the careful Administration of his Angels, so that our
Tongues

Tongues cannot falter, nor our Feet slide, or turn into any evil Paths.

But see the inveterateness of our Enemies, the Spleen, the Rancour, the Malice of the Ungodly, how detracting, how malicious and envious they are. They hate us, because (in truth) we are more Holy than they. If we will not swear, we are precise forsooth; if we refuse to frequent lewd Drinking-houses, we fall under the censure of being Formal, and Starch'd: All our Righteous dealings are evilly interpreted. What? If a Brother, or Sister, through the infirmities of Nature (to which we are all subject) unadvisedly tread aside, and walk in the Ungodly's Paths? Lord! what a clutter is presently made of it, what grinning, and sneering there is amongst the wicked Adversaries. If the Spirit is frail and weak sometimes, and the Flesh becomes too too Predominant, I say, if a couple of our Fraternity should by the powerful influence of Flesh, and Blood, chance to fall, if they should lovingly embrace one another in the Fear of the Lord, and zealously Act that, which indeed is a Great Sin, suppose it be known. Why! you cannot imagine what noise there is made about it. Nothing less than a white Sheet and Wand, a Pilgrimage bare Footed, and bare Legged up to the Parsons Pew. And this is the Anti-Christian Penance that is so severely destined to our Godly Party, for a trifling miscarriage, a small cracking of one of the Commandments: And yet our Adversaries, (I speak it calmly, and without Passion) are bold in their *Wickedness*, they can Rant, and whore it away without contradiction. Unless now and then a couple or so is hampered in *Bridewell* to Play with *Hemp* a little; only to deter, and frighten others. If the Wicked would but take our Saviour's Advice, and be ruled by him, we should have

have a pleasant World. If no one should cast Stones but the Innocent, and Guiltless, a Man might stand with security in the *Pillory* or *Market-place*; Hang Houses of *Correction*, and the *Whipping Posts*. There would be no hurling of Stones, or Pelting with Orange Pills, I'll warrant it.

But Men are Partial (Beloved) now adays, and Censorious too; if we Preach most powerfully, and press things home effectually to Mens Consciences, why, you hear what they say, they say we are Hypocrites, that our Discourses are nothing else but a *Gypsie-like-Canting*, that the unutterable Groans of the Spirit are mere *Satanick Effusions*, that our Prayers are the effect of a Distemper'd Brain, and promoted by Devilish *Enthusiastick Raptures*: That our Sighs (at the time of our Worship) is an Imposture, a Holy Cheat, an Artificial Sobbing, on purpose to seduce silly Women. (Thus are our good Works evil spoken off, by Men of Unsanctified understandings.) If we Pray zealously, and are familiar with God in our *Ejaculations*, the Wicked say we are sawcy, and tumultuous in our Petitions: If we talk of any assurance or certainty that God is on our side, they ask what *Intelligence*, what *Gazetts* we receive from Heaven: If we are Transported now and then, and speak that which indeed may be Impertinent, or Incoherent, as to desire God Almighty to Ride Post to help a Sick young Man at Sea, or such like things as these; why, this is no great harm: It would be Interpreted by modest Men, only the *Exuberance*, (as I may so say) of Fancy, or the overflowings of Invention, but now 'tis term'd *Frophaneness*, and words bordering upon Blasphemy.

Thus

Thus do they pester and teeze us, who are the Meek of the Earth, *Vexat censura Columbas* ; if (to be short) a Brother of ours was once engaged in a temptation, which was wholly irresistible (as may be evident by the violent and sudden Insurrection of the unruly Member;) What? Could there be a more charitable piece of Humanity in a Godly Sister, than to strive to allay his eager Appetite, and stroak down the Member that is troublesome, and uneasy? A *Bull-like* Fortitude must be tam'd at *Moor-fields*, or at some other convenient *Pastures*. But to return to my Text, and tell you the means, and methods how to fortify your Reputation against the virulent attempts, and reflections of evil, and dangerous Tongues, and secure a good Memory after Death. For in the Words of my Text, *The Memory of the Just shall be Blessed, their Name shall flourish in the Earth, their Memories shall smell sweet, and blossom to future Ages*. Let malice do its worst, and envy cast all its cutting Darts upon us, yet let us persevere in our Godly resolutions, and then we may bear the indignities of our Enemies without repining. The only way that I can propose to you, is to be unconcern'd at their sneering Calumnies, let them laugh, and expose us publickly, we can grin in secret at them, and traduce them likewise. Let us be unconcern'd I say, at all their malice, for the only Pillar that can support us (under the present circumstances of affairs) is a Bare-fac'd well compacted Impudence : That's the only guard (that I know) against the lashes, and violent Persecutions of inveterate and malicious Tongues.

But it's time to recollect my self, and return to Discourse of the Worthy Person, whose Memory we now Celebrate. To be silent in his Praises (I know) will not be resented well, or approved of by the rest of

my good Friends. I shall therefore consider this *Great Man* in a Two-fold capacity.

1. As he was a Publick Man, and an Eminent Minister of State.

2. As he was a Private Man, and an extraordinary Christian.

And *Thirdly*, I shall shew how justly he may challenge this word *Just* in my Text. (But pray, let not this be Interpreted a *Punn*.) As to his publick concern in the World, and his making so considerable (though crooked) Figure in it, I must needs say, that all these Advancements and Dignities therein, were the Purchase of his own Wit, and extraordinary Qualifications. That he was a Person highly Descended, and wonderfully (if not miraculously) qualified for publick Administration of Affairs, is I hope generally confessed. That he had a vast Gigantick Soul crowded up, and Coop'd in a *Pigmy's* Tabernacle, yet so Brisk and Active, that *Prometheus* stole half the Fire from Heaven to enlighten it. He had such a Soul so bold, and daring, that he became (as the *Elegy* has it) the Dread of the Crown, and yet the Friend of it too. He was a Strenuous Defender of the Royal Prerogative, witness those many excellent Speeches of his in his *Chancellorship*. And yet not so stiff neither, but (when after his Degradation) he began not to love the Court so heartily as before, he then adhered to the Majesty of the People, and defended the High and Mighty Plenipotentiaries, the Multitude; then he wisely consulted with the Uncontroulable Rabble, to support *Magna Charta, Liberty, Property*, &c.

From this solicitous Care of the Nations Good, sprung that never to be forgotten Model of the Association, the Spawn of the Holy *League and Covenant*. Who there-

therefore can sufficiently Lament this Worthy Person, the publick Pillar of the State, the *Moses*, the Conductor of the People, nay (without Prophaneness) the Puny Saviour of the Nation? What, could I repeat concerning his worth? the Exaltedness of his Fortune, the High and Meritorious Dignities conferred upon him, his Prudence, Magnanimity and Height of Spirit, his Proving, and Zealous Prosecution of the Late *Plot*, and faithful Adhæssion to the Crown, when the Crown was kind to him, and Promoted him? But why should I thus descant on the wonderful perfections of this Man, who was as Eminent for Religion, as for his Politicks. He was a Faithful Zealous Man in Holy Worship, (which is a strange unheard of thing in a Statesman.) And yet notwithstanding all these extraordinary Endowments of the Mind, the Wicked of the World take occasion to traduce him, and detract very injuriously from his Worth. His Religion is termed Atheism, his way of Worship Sceptical and Prophane, the droppings of his *Tap*, occasioned by his Hydriopick Distemper, is render'd as the miserable consequence of a young Debauch; his Care for the Welfare of the Nation is reckon'd *Treason*. And is it not strange that this great Person (the desire of Mankind while living) should be so miserably Crucify'd after his Death? Is it not a Paradox to a Wise and Understanding Man, to find a Person so disingenuously abused, when he is not in a capacity to vindicate himself? How wonderfully is he exposed to the scorn and contempt of the World in *Doggerel*, *Ballads*, *Visions*, *Dialogues*, &c. with a number of *Pamphlets* that circulate the Gown in Derogation of his honour? But I think 't's time to leave off, lest I'm thought too fullsome a *Panegyrist*.

We'll therefore descend to the Second Position, and shew you: *secondly*, That a *Tory-ranting, Roaring* kind of Behaviour here, makes a Man's Name Stink, and Rot (as my Text has it) after Death. When People are Debauch'd in Principles, and have wickedly forsaken the True Protestant Interest (which word *True-Protestant* is miserably ridicul'd by young *Tory Whiflers*, or (as the Ingenious Historian Mr. *Care* has it) *Dull Nos'd Tories*.) I say then, their Reputation sinks in the World, and their Names (when they are Dead) are as nauseous to Mankind, as their Putrify'd, and Rotten Bones. When People follow strange Devices, and Worship false Gods, what the Devil can become of their good Names? They must suffer in their credit after Death, that in their Life time commit such vile Abominations.

They blindly frequent their *Hallowed Steeple-Houses*, and Persecute us, because our tender, and squeamish Consciences will not permit us to Conform with them. They teeze us with their *Spiritual Bums*, and *Religious Kid-nappers*, the *Informers* Carp and Crow over us, and expose us publickly in *Courants, Dialogues, &c.* but I shall not be censorious as the wicked are. The end of such Men will be Tragical, and their Memories hateful to future Ages. Let the wicked (Beloved) tickle and please themselves, and laugh at our Persecutions (as the cunning *Observator* does) the time will come, when the Wind and Tide is on our sides (when Almighty Parliaments shall again flourish) that we shall handle them for their Insolence, in setting forth so openly the Practices of our Party. I doubt not but this flurring *Observator* (I say) will be dealt with by some of our Ingenious Youngsters of the Neighbouring Academy; the young Men of *Newington* are profound
found

found Sophisters I can assure him, and can handle an Argument most dextrously. They'l Confute his *Dis-senters* sayings, they have read Divine *Milton*, and *Knox*, and know how to settle the State, and Reform the present Irregularities of the Government, they are Popular Men, and have the very Hearts of the People of God: They can match him with their *Philosophical Windmills*, and *Flying Chariots*, in opposition to his screw'd Guns and Pistols, and his scurrilous story of our Brother at *Bath*, (though it may be true I grant you.) Such Men as these, I say, who expose the Righteous, and endeavour to make their Names odious in this World, will by a strange (though just) course of Providence be made wonderfully ridiculous themselves, and their Names (in the Words of my Text) *will Rot*, and (as I may say) Putrify. But, Beloved, I would not willingly transgress on your Patience too much, to go beyond the decent limits of a Sermon. I shall therefore make Application of what has been said, and enforce some practicable business to your consideration.

Let us (who are the Meek of the Earth, the Sober and Godly Party) endeavour to live up to those excellent Rules that are Weekly prescrib'd to us by our Godly Ministers; let us persevere in our holy Resolutions; let neither Persecution, Reproach, or Contempt any way deter us from meeting and serving God in Private, and then (there's no doubt of it) we shall have success proportionable to our hopes, and in the Scripture Phrase, we shall Inherit the Earth. What though we are miserably discomfited by late unhappy disappointments? What though the Patron of our Cause be Deceased, and has left the Hot-headed Multitude without Order, all things at Random and Confusion?

fusion? Who knows but some cunning Politick Person of Quality (as the Remarquer on *Jovian*, or the Author of the Elegy on *Stafford*) may interpose, and vindicate our Cause in the Declension of its Age: Such as these, both good *Logicians*, *Historians*, and profound *Politicians* into the Bargain, would manage the concern bravely, if they would but take the Reverend Mr. *John* — *n* (in the room of that sottish Bestial Satyr of *Salamanca*, who has Debauch'd our Cause) to be their worthy Chaplain, and Mr. *Hunt* their Secretary. Lord! what a Blessed Reformation might suddenly follow? All our concerns would again flourish, and spread into every corner of the Land, and then we should see the Blessed Revolutions of *Forty One* again; then true Piety would flourish, and grow in fashion once more; there would be no Swearing and Blaspheming, no Adultery, and no complaining in our streets, Fast ye therefore (my Beloved, but not as the Wicked do) and pray ye to the Lord for this happy change, for our deliverance is nigh, and the Salvation of his People is at hand.

Lastly, Let me put before your Eyes, the great Example of our late Deceased Patriot, consider how industriously zealous he was for the *True-Protestant* Interest, what Indignities and Shame he underwent, purely on the account of Religion, what difficulties he passed through, to reduce this Haughty Monarchy into Order, and Subjection, if possible, and to settle it on the solid Foundations, and firm Establishments of a *Commonwealth*: He left no means unattempted to make the Nation flourish, for he condescended to men of low Degree, he Conversed with Carpenters and Bricklayers, that he might carry on the work of the Lord powerfully and successfully. All this he did to keep a *good Conscience*,
as

as some think, and to purchase a *good Name* for many Generations : Let the Wicked (my Friends) talk of his Fatal descent into the Regions of darkness, of his Congratulations with the *Joyner*, and the black Catalogue of the damn'd Fraternity; we ought charitably to put good Constructions on Mens actions, and hope, (at least) that he is at rest, and that his Memory will be Honorably Celebrated amongst *True-Blue-Protestants*. I am sure his Heroick Atchievements, and Noble Actions, deserve to be faithfully Registred, and to be carefully transmitted to Posterity. Let the Wicked and Perverse talk of stinking Guts and Garbage, and say, *That his Name shall Rot, and be odious to future Ages*: Yet let us follow his Blessed steps, and stand stiff, and firm in our Holy Resolutions, to cherish the *True-Protestant Cause*, and never leave it, and forsake it. Then our Names shall be famous here on Earth, and we shall sit down at last (I hope) with *St. Stephen*, with our Friend Deceased, and with *Bradshaw, Ireton, and Hewson* in the Kingdom of H——

F I N I S.